

And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye  
Vpon the wasted building, suddenly  
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:  
I made vnto the noyse, when soone I heard,  
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:  
Peace Tawny slave, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,  
Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art?  
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,  
Villaine thou might'st haue bene an Emperour,  
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,  
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke Calfe:  
Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,  
For I must beate thee to a trusty Goth,  
Who when he knowes thou art the Emperesse babe,  
Will hold thee dearly for thy Mothers sake.  
With this my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him,  
Surpriz'd him suddenly, and brought him hither  
To vs, as you thinke needefull of the man.

*Luci.* Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,  
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:  
This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Emperesse eye,  
And heere's the Base Fruit of his burning lust.  
Say wall-ey'd slave, whether would'st thou conuay  
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?  
Why dost thou speake? what deafe? Not a word?  
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,  
And by his side his Fruite of Bastardie.

*Aron.* Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.  
*Luci.* Too like the Syre for euer being good.  
First hang the Child that he may see it sprall,  
A sight to vex the Fathers soule withall.

*Aron.* Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, saue the Childe,  
And beare it from me to the Emperesse:  
If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,  
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;  
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
Ile speake no more: but vengeance rot you all.

*Luci.* Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,  
Thy child shall liue, and I will see it Nourisht.

*Aron.* And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,  
I'll vex thy soule to heare what I shall speake:  
For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,  
Acts of Blacke-night, abominable Deeds,  
Complots of Mischiefe, Treason, Villanies  
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously preform'd,  
And this shall all be buried by my death,  
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my Childe shall liue.

*Luci.* Tell on thy minde,  
I say thy Childe shall liue.

*Aron.* Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.  
*Luci.* Who should I sweare by,  
Thou beleeuest no God;  
That granted, how can'st thou beleeue an oath?

*Aron.* What if I do not, as indeed I do not,  
Yet for I know thou art Religious,  
And hast a thing within thee, called Conscience,  
With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies,  
Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue:  
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know  
An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,  
And keeps the oath which by that God he swears,  
To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou shalt vow  
By that same God, what God so ere it be  
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,  
To saue my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp,  
Ore else I will discouer nought to thee.

*Luci.* Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.  
*Aron.* First know thou,  
I be got him on the Emperesse.

*Luci.* Oh most Insatiate luxurious woman!  
*Aron.* Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charitie,  
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,  
'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,  
They cut thy Sisters tongue, and rauisht her,  
And cut her hands off, and crimp'd her as thou saw'st.

*Lucius.* Oh detestable villaine!  
Call'st thou that Trimming?

*Aron.* Why she was washt, and cut, and trim'd,  
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

*Luci.* Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe!  
*Aron.* Indeepe, I was their Tutor to instruct them,  
That Coddling spirit had they from their Mother,  
As sure a Card as euer wonne the Set:

That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me,  
As true a Dog as euer fought at head.

Well, let my Deeds be witness of my worth:  
I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,  
Where the dead Corps of *Bassianus* lay:

I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,  
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.

Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,  
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,  
Wherein I had no stroke of Mischiefe in it.

I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,  
And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,  
And almost broke my heart with excreame laughter.

I pried me through the Creuice of a Wall,  
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes head,  
Beheld his teares, and laugh'd so hartily,

That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:  
And when I told the Emperesse of this sport,  
She founde almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tydings, gaue me twenty kisses.  
*Goth.* What canst thou say all this, and neuer blush?

*Aron.* I, like a blacke Dogge, as the saying is,  
*Luci.* Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes?

*Aron.* I, that I had not done a thousand more:  
Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke  
Few come within few compasse of my curse,

Wherein I did not some Notorious ill,  
As kill a man, or else deuise his death,  
Rauish a Maid, or plot the way to do it,

Accuse some Innocent, and forswear my selfe,  
Set deadly Enmity betwene two Friends,  
Make poore mens Cartell breake their neckes,

Set fire on Barnes and Haystackes in the night,  
And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:  
Of haue I dig'd vp dead men from their graues,

And set them vp right at their deere Friends doore,  
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,  
And on their skinnies, as on the Barke of Trees,

Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,  
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead,  
Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull things

As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,  
And nothing grieues me hartily indeede,  
But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.

*Luci.* Bring downe the diuell, for he must not die  
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

*Aron.* If there be diuels, would I were a deuill,  
To liue and burne in euermolting fire,  
So I might haue your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.  
*Luci.* Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.  
*Enter Emilius.*

*Goth.* My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome  
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Luci.* Let him come neere.  
*Enter Emilius.* What the newes from Rome?

*Emi.* Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,  
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,  
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,

He craues a parly at your Fathers house  
Willing you to demand your Hostages,  
And they shall be immediately deliuered.

*Goth.* What saies our Generall?  
*Luci.* *Emilius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges  
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*,

And we will come: march away. *Flourish.*  
*Exit.*

*Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes disguised.*

*Tam.* Thus in this strange and sad Habilliment,  
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,

And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,  
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs:  
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,

To ruminate strange plots of dire Reuenge,  
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,  
And worke confusion on his Enemies.

*They knocke and Titus opens his study doore.*  
*Tit.* Who doth molest my Contemplation?

Is it your trick to make me ope the doore,  
That so my sad decrees may flie away,  
And all my studie be to no effect?

You are deceiu'd, for what I meane to do,  
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe:  
And what is written shall be executed.

*Tam.* *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee,  
*Tit.* No not a word: how can I grace my talke,  
Wanting a hand to giue it action,

Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more.  
*Tam.* If thou did'st know me,  
Thou would'st talke with me.

*Tit.* I am not mad, I know thee well enough,  
Witness this wretched stump,  
Witness these crimson lines,

Witness these Trenches made by griefe and care,  
Witness the tiring day, and heauie night,  
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud Emperesse, Mighty *Tamora*:  
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

*Tamora.* Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,  
She is thy Enemy, and I thy Friend,  
I am Reuenge sent from th' infernall Kingdome,

To ease the gnawing Vulture of the mind,  
By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes:  
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,

Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,  
Ther's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,  
No Vast obscurity, or Misty vale,

Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,  
Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,  
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,

Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.  
*Tit.* Art thou Reuenge? and art thou sent to me,  
To be a torment to mine Enemies?

*Tam.* I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.